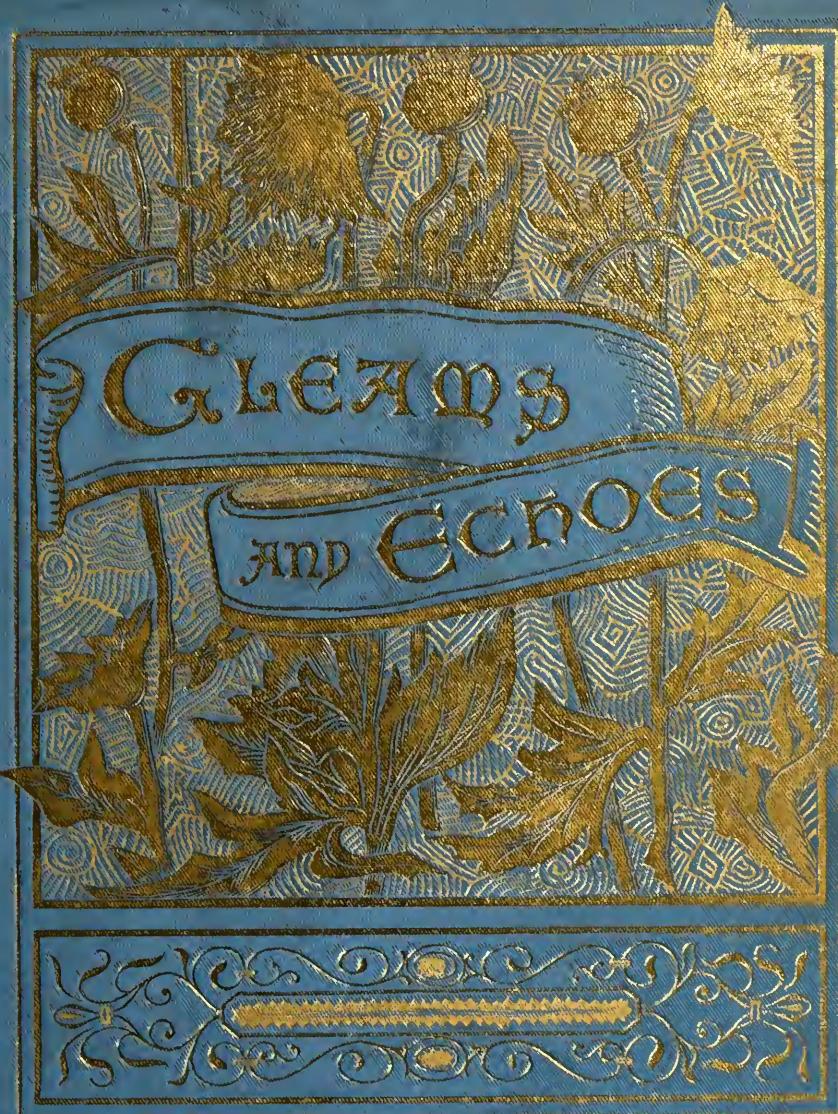


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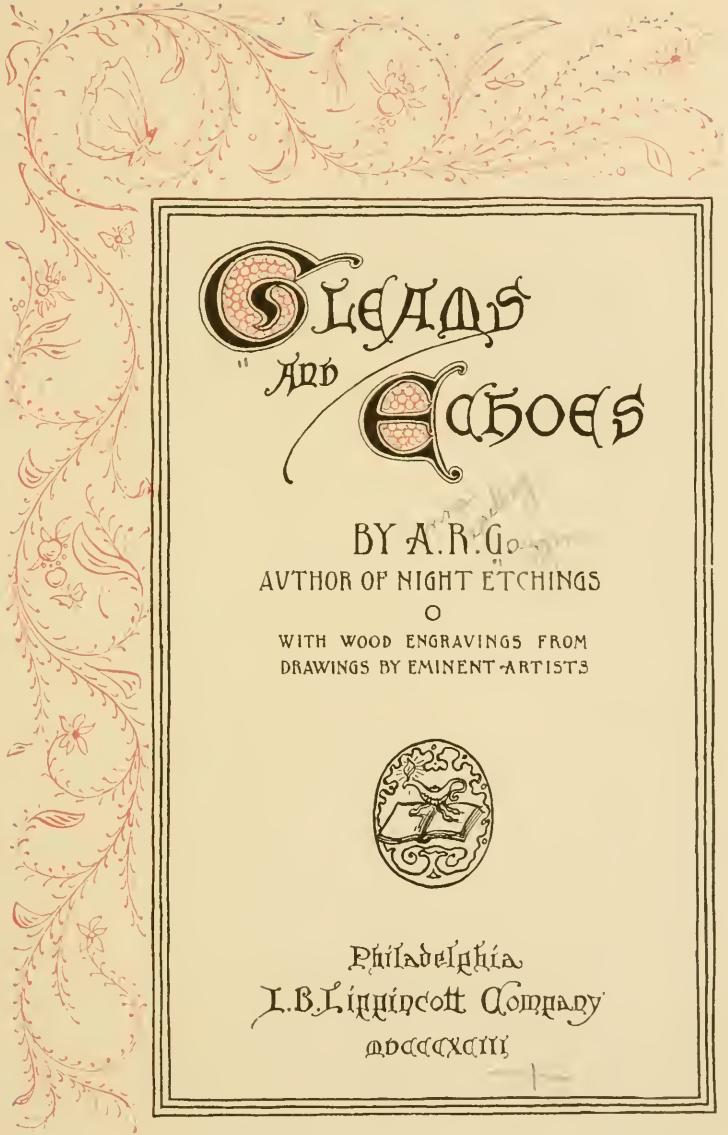
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



CLEANS " AND ECHOES

BY A.R.G.
AUTHOR OF NIGHT ETCHINGS
O
WITH WOOD ENGRAVINGS FROM
DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS



Philadelphia
J.B. Lippincott Company
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SWEET FERN.

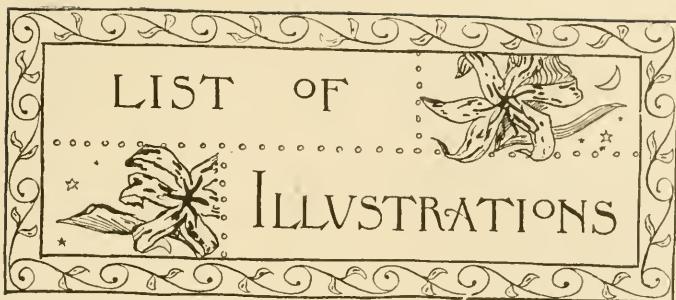
SOUL ESSENCE.

MY SECRET.

RAMBLING.

WILD ROSE.

BEYOND.



SWEET FERN.

If, on the banks of that other shore,
Or pressed in some tame of spirit-lore,
A spicy breath might call to her
A memory of the days that were

Drawn by C. Y. TURNER.

Engraved by G. P. WILLIAMS.

SOUL ESSENCE.^V

So, from the heart of the wood-thrush
Quivers on heart of mine
An echo of buried music,—
Gone—in the lost lang-syne.

Drawn by H. BOLTON JONES.

Engraved by G. P. WILLIAMS.

MY SECRET.^v

In their cheery, light vibration
Calling, "There is compensation,"—
To the red leaves fluttering to the ground.

Drawn by F. B. SCHELL.

Engraved by A. E. ANDERSON.

RAMBLING.

My heart among the old ways.

Drawn by B. WEST CLINEDINST. Engraved by G. P. WILLIAMS.

WILD ROSE.

Believe you, November, in mournful gown,
Walking with sad eyes looking down
Into the graves of flowers dead,
Will press to her heart the seed-pods red.

Drawn by FREDERICK DIELMAN.

Engraved by C. H. REED.

BEYOND.^v

And smiles again steal on those fading faces.

Drawn by W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

Engraved by C. H. REED.

GLEAMS AND ECHOES.

PROLOGUE.

SWEET, sad sounds that thrill us from the past
And echo in the empty spaces,
With voices faint and rare,
Reverberating in life's deeper places
So long as life and earth are bound;—
Vibrating still with long, low sound
While hearts shall love and lose, the low earth 'round:
O voices! with faint sound so low, so long,
Blend ye not triumph in your minor song?
Sing ye not highest, O loves of long ago,
Of that which dieth not?
Art thou, O Memory, not swiftest, surest,
With love and loss inwrought,
Swiftest and surest, thy roots deep-struck below,
To reach and catch the spirit's after-glow?



SWEET FERN.

'Tis the scent of a leaf, again,
That brings me back the days of then.

Once, when my eyes were clear and blue,
And my thought was always a thought of you ;

When my heart was white without a stain,
And yours had nothing dreamed of death,
Nor of love with its parted pain ;

Then—when you stood by the little stream,
Your eyes far off, like an angel's dream—

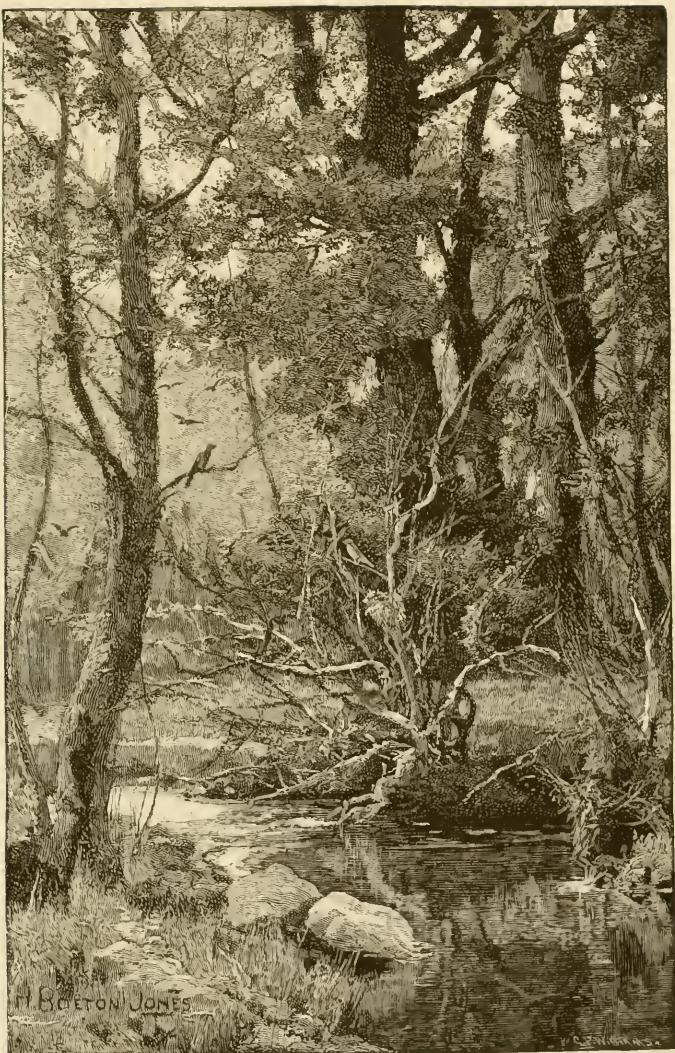
You gathered the fern of spicy breath :

Ah, then—in the passionate years of then—
In the pure, white, truthful years of then—

You gathered this fern of the glen.

'Tis years since I smelld a sweet fern's breath,
Till now, when the lost page open falls.
Now I am darkened and sad and sere
With the weights and the wrongs of many a year ;
Now I scarcely dare to think
If a fern might grow on that farther brink ;
If, on the banks of that other shore,
Or pressed in some tome of spirit-lore,
A spicy breath might call to her
A memory of the days that were ;
And I, shame-faced, would shrinking stand,
Too soiled to touch the radiance of her hand.

And yet I press this little broken thing,
Fain, with my lips, and press it yet again.
Even its fragile, gray-worn, crumbling mould,
A scent of unforgotten days can hold;
Should I, at last, after dark doubt and dull despair,
Drift to her feet, like some dead fern-leaf there,
And if, from out the yellow-leafed decay,
Should float some essence of that other day;—
Oh, Angel Soul, with love of heavenly measure,
On thee I lean, to count it, hold it, treasure;
To hear thee, bending, say, “This outward-faded life,
Weary and worn with failure and with strife,
Brings odor from the past through years of loss and pain;
I press the deathless spirit to my own again.”



H. B. ETON JONES

SOUL ESSENCE.

THEY look at the lovely picture;
They say, “ ‘Tis moon on the sea;”
But from the shimmering silver
A face looks up to me.

Deep in spiced glooms of forest
Haunts an aroma rare;
And I know the trail of *her* spirit
Is leaving its fragrance there.

So, from the heart of the wood-thrush
Quivers on heart of mine
An echo of buried music,—
Gone—in the lost lang-syne.



Fred B. Schell

MY SECRET.

I WILL leave it with the mountains,—

They will not tell.

I will leave it with the grass-bugs;

In their light, harmonious ringing,

Like some atmospheric singing ;

Like some hidden fairy, bringing

Back a dream of summer gone.

While they ring in rhythmic measure

Still will lie my little treasure,

Hidden in their song.

But the mountains will forget it
When I am gone.
On their far-off, silent heights,
In their tender, pensive lights,
There will be no lingering guerdon
Of my heart-intrusted burden.
On their summits soft will sleep
Other secrets in their keep :
Mine will go with me, they say ;
Others come another day.

And the whirring grass-bugs, blurring
All the sunny, autumn silence
With ethereal sound ;
In their cheery, light vibration
Calling, “ There is compensation,”—
To the red leaves fluttering to the ground ;—
They will follow when the frost comes,
Leave their haunts of field and hollow,
Go, and leave the little secret
Yet unkept,—unfound.

So, my heart, to you I trust it

Till death shall part.

Brooding, you will cherish, keep it,

In field or mart.

Faithful; though all else should fail it,

Will you prove:

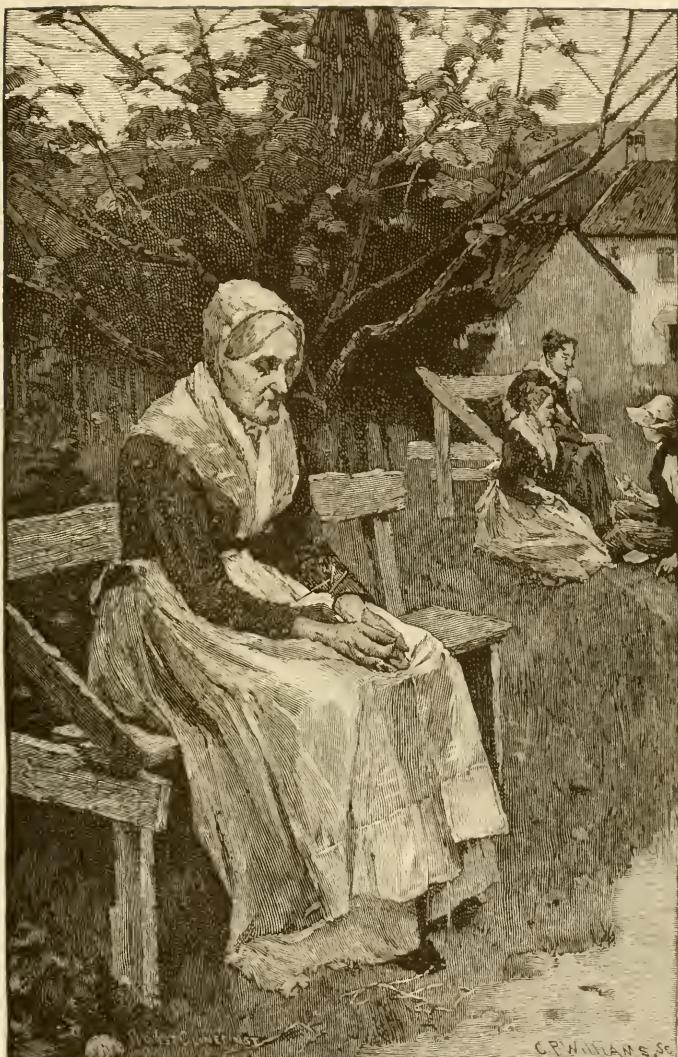
Ay, beyond the purple of far sunset summits,

Beyond the waving lines of earth's best Ever,

Into golden depths of the Forever

Will you clasp it:

Death—shall not part.



C.P. HILLIANS Sc.

RAMBLING.

'Tis the gleam of one scarlet berry
Half hidden among some gold,
Only this, yet my dim old eyes
See a picture fair unfold ;
And I travel silently backward
Past long graves of years,
Past the cypress-trees and the shadows,
And the urns that are filled with tears :

Back, past the long, sad valley,
To mountains sunny and fair,
The mountains of the morning,
Pink-tipped with sunrise there.

As my thoughts look back to that high land,
Where the sunlight rose so sweet,
A glint seems to shine down the valley
And creep toward my feet.

Now, a scent of long-withered blossoms
Floats over the plains of pain,
And I fall to wondering—for I'm old—
If they'll bloom—up There—again.
But they say I am always croaking,
For I am old, you know,
Always croaking of something
That's gone, in the long-ago.

So I sit, and I think my old thoughts,
And poor I know they must be,
For the others, a score of years younger,
Don't care much to listen to me:
And I sit, and I walk, without talking,
My heart among the old ways,
Where the pinks and the larkspurs blossomed,
And youth and love brightened the days.

And so I wander and lose myself
About what I was going to say;
But no one heeds, so it matters not,—
My head is old and gray:
I can't do things as I used to do,
Nor talk what I used to say.
Sometimes I think the baby boy
 I lost so long ago,—
Sometimes I think *he* listens,—
 Maybe,—I do not know.



WILD ROSE.

WILD rose,—wild rose of the wood,—
Rose of the road-side, and of by-path hid,
Rose of frank smiles and childlike grace,
Fair with innocence upon its face:
The young spring gathered to her heart
This child of the roses, dearer than the rest ;
'Twined it among her tresses fresh and fair,
Wore the pink thing, with woodbine, in her hair.

One day, I mind me, sunnier than the rest,
A sweet wild rose was gathered for my breast.

Back to the spring will wander Autumn's heart,
For life's as fresh when the old leaves fall
As when the young buds start;
And life's as dear when the leaves are sere
As in the spring's first thrall.

Believe you, November, in mournful gown,
Walking with sad eyes looking down
Into the graves of flowers dead,
Will press to her heart the seed-pods red.

In the dead days of November
I twine no bloom in my hair,
But over the years I remember
A rose that withered there.



W.H.Lippincott, 1892.

BEYOND.

How dark the pines!
The woods stand dank and drear
With shadows only, all the light to blear;
And sad, low whisperings, in a minor key,
Murmur, "The lost, lone dead lie here;
The universe is brooded o'er with clouding trouble,
Time, nor eternity have aught of light;"
Like lost heart-courage, sighing low,
"The sun lies only on the long-ago."
But just beyond, with lifted face, full free,
The sea lies broad and bright,
Under the gold expanse of heaven's light.

So on my heart,
In hidden, silent places
The shades fall dark ;
And sad, faint glimpses of half-fading faces
Flit through the gloom, nor smile ;
And death alone seems regnant,
Pale and cold and grim,
Enthroned in shadows dim.

And then I lift my eyes, and, lo, broad, sunny places ;
And smiles again steal on those fading faces ;
And still beyond, with grand God-patience,
Waiting to caress,
Stands that which out-crowns death ;
And Love, bending above all shadow,
Waits to bless.

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